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1831

Soft Glides the Sea, Bounding and Free

George James Webb

Eliza Walker

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SOFT GLIDES THE SEA, BOUNDING AND FREE.

Pendleton's Lithography, Boston.

Cavatina

Sung by

MISS HUGHES

The words written by

Mrs. ELIZA WALKER,

Music Composed by

GEO. JAS. WEBB.

Boston.—Published by C. Bradlee 164 Washington St; where may be had the following songs &c. by the same Author.

Oh go not to the field of war.
To the Moonbeams.
Homeward bound.
I'll meet sweet maid with thee.
Ship A-Hoy (arranged)
When I seek my pillow at night, love.
It is not that my lot is low
There is a world where every night (serenade)
Weep not for me (Sacred)
Star of the East (Sacred Trio.)
The Sun parts faintly from the wave.
But who shall see the Glorious Day Sacred song & Cho.
Farewell!
Art thou happy lovely lady.
The moon-shines bright.
The Gondolier's Song.
I'll dream of thee love.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1831 by C. Bradlee in the Clerk's Office of the district Court of Massachusetts.

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BOSTON.

"SOFT GLIDES THE SEA, BOUNDING AND FREE."

Written by Mrs: ELIZA WALKER. Music Composed by GEO: J. WEBB.

VOCE.

ANDANTE Quasi Allegretto.

p pp p

pp ff

Soft glides the sea.... bounding and free, Dance the blue waves as they rush to the shore;

O'er vale and height gleams the moon bright,... Gai_ly the mariner plies the swift oar,

cres:

ad lib:

Singing awhile Ere the sun . . . lights the main . . Ere the sun . . . . . lights the

f smorz: *p*

con anima:

main . . . Land, land of my birth I shall greet thee shall greet thee a_gain.

Land . . of my birth I shall greet thee shall greet thee a_gain.

p

con espress:

Night wears away Sullen and gray Frowns the dark sea O'er the wild restless deep Lightnings red flash

p

Cres

ad lib:

Thunder's loud crash Now quiver and peal . . . . . Go, mariner

f

ff

Ped:

dim:

pp

p

weep. Haply I deem tho' the sun lights the main Its rays to thy land shall not

pp

ad lib:

ritard:

greet thee again shall not greet thee a_gain. - - - - - - - - Tempests are fled Morning hath shed

fz

p

Light from her eye, And balm from her breath All things rejoice Heard is the voice of the

con anima

Marin_er now singing praises of home The ship's gallant prow presses

f

accell?

on through the main And he trod on the land of his Fa_ther's a_gain of his

cres:

Fa_ther's a_gain, of his Fa_ther's a_gain.

p

pp *f* *ff*